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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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Alderman Rooney

AT THE



GREAT EXHIBITION

Of the American Institute, 1867.

NEW YORK:

THE NEW YORK NEWS COMPANY.
1867.

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ALDERMAN ROONEY,

AT THE

GREAT EXHIBITION:

ANOTHER EPIC

BY HIMSELF.

'Twas thin I swore by the land that bore me,
This great *Expozay* won't go unsung!
May thoughts inspire me, the Muses fire me!
An Janius light on your Rooney's tongue;
Taich me to sing out the wealth ye bring out
From cunnin brain and from skilful hand;
Oh! noble toilers—great human boilers
That stir the life blood throughout the land!

EDITED BY D. O'C. TOWNLEY.

Illustrations by Magrath. Engraved by Davis & Speer.

New York:
NEW YORK NEWS COMPANY.

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DIDICATID
TO THE PUBLIC.

"I hould to you the hands you first beheld
To show they still are free;
Methinks I hear an aicho in your voices answer me
An bid your ROONEY welcome to your hearts agin."

ROONEYVILLE, Oct. 1867.

Another Epic of Alderman Rooney.

~~~~~  
" Pro bono publico."~~~~~

## THE POET'S MISSION.

**T**HE Poet's mission is not to fish in  
The lap ov Aise for his thoughts sublime,  
But out where strife is, an' active life is,  
Mid Natures taichins to waive his rhyme.  
Whin pace or pinsion takes his attintion  
He goes to bed wid his pockets full,  
No fancy fires him, no drame inspires him,  
His rhymes are limpin, his wit is dull.

**T**HERE'S Miles O'Reilly, for instance, while he  
Was poor an' honest, like bird in spring  
His song came to us, an' thrillin thro' us,  
We loved to listen, an' he to sing.  
But whin around him, Ould Nick confound  
thim,  
Came politicians wid price of brain,  
They bought the Robin soon wid their jobbin  
An' choked his thrapple wid gooldin grain.

**N**O longer raich us the purty spaiches  
 He used to make us wid ready pin,  
 Or varses rhymeful as bells are chimeful  
 Whin Tommy Ayliffe rings out agin.  
 Feed cows on clover an soon you'll cover  
 The faithful bastes wid a coat of silk,  
 But that fine fodder won't swell the udder,  
 Tis fat you make thim, ye get no milk.

**T**HIN may I nevir be thought so clevir  
 That min will timpt me wid place or coin  
 To scorn your treasures for selfish pleasures,  
 Oh sacred Janius! Oh Muse Divine!  
 May Rooney rather forgit his father,  
 Forgit the pride ov his ancient blood,  
 Than ever keep ill unto the people  
 A promise made for the public good!

**T**WAS thus my passion took form an' fashion  
 The other night, whin I saw wid shame  
 At the Nations Fair, how no bard was there,  
 tho'  
 The people waited no poet came!  
 Poor Miles was sick, or his wit was thick, or  
 He drank bad liquor the night before;  
 Whatever ailed him, the Muses failed him,  
 An' left us varseless upon the floore!

## THE INVOCATION.

**T** WAS then I swore, by the land that bore me,  
This Great *Expozay* won't go unsung !  
May thoughts inspire me, the Muses fire me,  
An' Janius light on your Rooney's tongue !  
Taiche me to sing out the wealth ye bring out  
From cunnin brain an' from skillful hands,  
Oh noble toilers—great human boilers  
That stir the life blood throughout the land!

**G**OD bliss this Nation, she bates Creation  
In works of Nature an works of Art,  
Wid one exception, to my election,  
And that's ould Ireland, God bliss her  
heart !  
Not as she now is, wid all her prowiss  
Kipt down by tyrants three hundrid years,  
But as she cud be, an as she wud be,  
If Right cud place her among her peers.

**T** HE day will come too, ere I am dumb too,  
Her trouble endid, her joy begun,  
Whin her sons an' daughters across the  
waters  
Will see the light of her risin sun !  
Whin England rottin wid gain ill gottin,  
That evin now feeds upon her rest,  
Will the vengeance feel ov her rebel steel  
An sink in the wrath of a stormy West !

## THE BETTER HALF.

**W**HIN thus I spoke out, my wifeshe broke out  
Sayin "Rooney dear have you lost your wits?  
" My love you're raivin, yourself desaivin,  
" May Heaven keep you, good man, from fits;  
" Why sure no taicher nor public praicher  
" Could long hould out at that tairin  
screech;  
" If the Lord's good will here won't keep you  
stiller,  
" You'll die some day in a burst of speech !

**N**AY down thim papers, an' stop your capers,  
" Give over talkin that Faynian stuff !  
" Oh Mick my honey, wid half our money  
" In Irish Bons, surely that's enough !  
" Keep from the fowlers, the paytriot prowlers  
" Who talk of Ireland but mane your purse ;  
" Look to the Nation wrought your salvation  
" An' saved your Country from fate still  
worse.

**Y**OUR'E nature's poet ! 'tis I that know it;  
" My charms you sung in our coortin days,  
" In varses thirty, as nate an purty  
" As ever won wid their coaxin ways ;  
" Thin come, avourneen, wid words as burnin  
" Sing out the praises ov peaceful trade,  
" Which hushes fear up, and dries the tear up  
" Of childless mothers the war has made.



Magrath

DAVIS-SPEER



## THE RESOLUTION.

**T**HUS spoke the crayture, her every fayture  
Was lighted up wid her love an truth ;  
I hugged my beauty—as much a duty  
In ripe ould age as in tinder youth.  
Sez I, “ my charmer, no heart is warmer  
“ Whin duty calls, than is mine to day ;  
“ Wid purpose steady, my pin is ready ;  
“ This blissed night I’ll begin my lay !

“ **A**N ne’er came rhyme in a better time in  
“ Nor subject grander bid thoughts to  
flow ;  
“ The Exposition to night’s my mission,  
“ An you’ll come to love, *incog-nitow*.  
“ Tis proud you’ll be too, the sights to see  
through  
“ The magic mazes ov the People’s mart,  
“ Where in communion meets all the Union  
“ In rival industry and rival art.

**T**HUS in the mornin, to her adornin  
I left my wife, wid a fond good bye ;  
And at that partin, wid love my heart in,  
Philosophizin to myself, sez I :  
“ Oh man what wor ye, wid all your glory ?  
“ What fruitless work would your labors  
prove ?  
“ Widout that treasure, beyant all measure,  
“ Ov woman’s wisdom and woman’s love !

MRS. ROONEY READY.

**E**'RE the sun wint down I was back from town  
My wife sat dressed in the drawin room ;  
Yes, by the Powers ! like the Queen ov Flowers,  
In an atmosphere ov sublime parfume !  
Upon her toes up, my darlin rose up  
Like Godess Vanus from say ov silk,  
Wid richest crimson the tucks an hims on,  
An ribbons waivin as white as milk !

**H**ER honest brow as the spotless snow was,  
Her *shineon* sparkled wid powder rare ;  
She hid her face wid a modest grace,  
In a bookay big as an aisy chair.  
So killin, cruel, stood up my jewel  
An cried out : "Rooney, keep off my beau !  
"One touch would soil me, one hug would  
spoil me,  
"Go drink your tay, dear, and let us go !"

**S**NUG under cover, John druv us over  
As so instructed, at modest rate ;—  
It shows bad breedin to drive wid speed in—  
Its Arstocratic to drop in late.  
We slipped in slyly, for Miles O'Reilly  
An other mimbers were round the doore,  
An did they meet us we knew they'd greet us,  
An raise confusion along the floore.





## THE COMING MAYOR.

**T**HE Orchestrayon was sweetly playin  
Some brilliant morsel ov Jarmin song,  
Whose burst ov feelin rose to the ceelin,  
Like song ov angels the stars among;  
And gas jits burnin sint floods returnin  
Of dazzlin light on the scene below,  
Like waves of Ocean in gintle motion  
The movin masses swayed to and fro.

**A**N' far and wide too, on every side through  
That maze ov wonders did eyesight reel,  
Amid the gushin and caiseless rushin  
Ov pantin ingine and whirlin' wheel  
Still far above all, in strains to love all,  
The tide delicious ov music flowed,  
Whilst waivin o'er us, as if in chorus  
Like clouds at sunsit, the bannirs glowed.

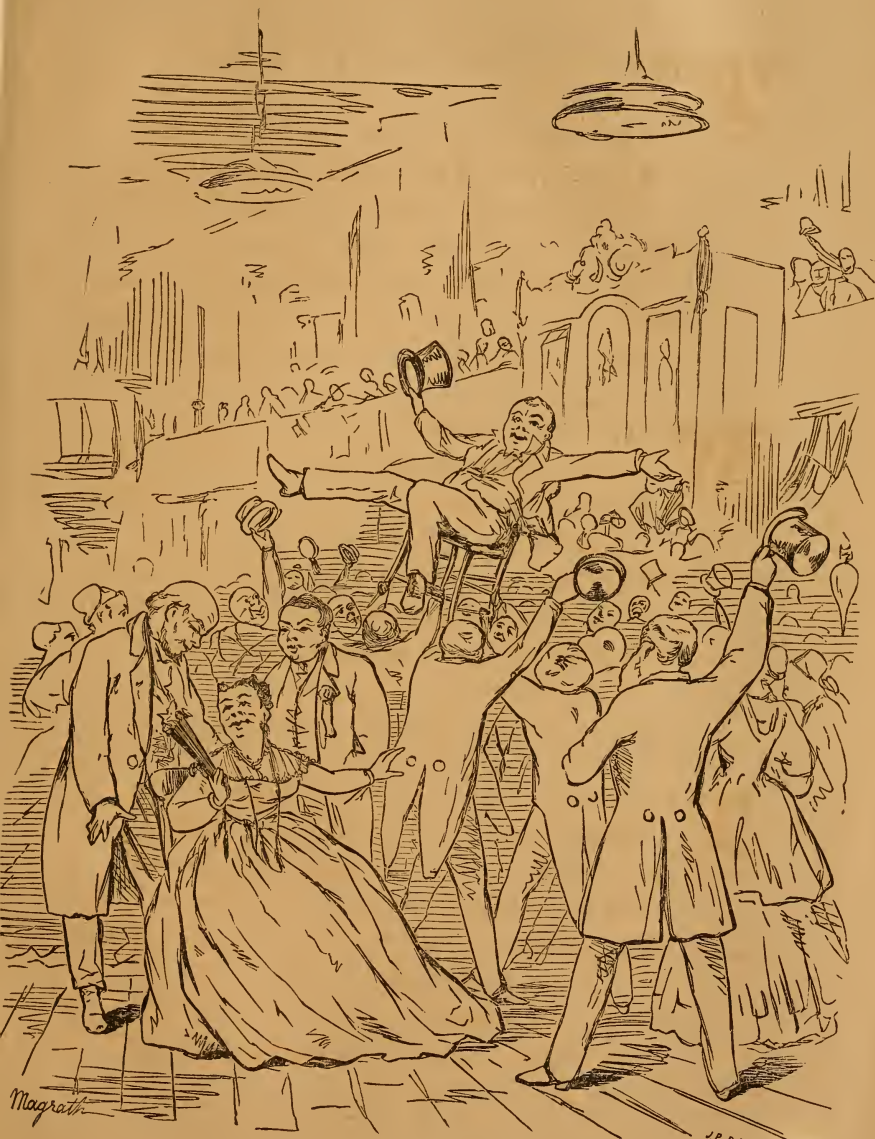
**A**S movin round there, full soon we found, there  
Was no use tryin the *incog-nitow*,  
For crowdin near us they began to cheer us,  
"Here's Rooney"! shouted both high and low.  
"Here's honest Rooney! our Mayor full soon he  
"Will be in spite of Fernandy Wood,  
"Our Patriot poet! who loves to show that  
"Man's noblest work is the public good!

## ROONEY NO TANNER.

**T**HREE cheers for Rooney! as flowers in  
June he  
    "Is welcome here wid his lovely wife!  
    "May joys attind him and fortune sind him  
    "A thousand bounties to bliss his life!  
Three rousin cheers burst upon our ears;  
    My wife sunk down in the nearest chair  
Whilst on their shoulders, for all beholders,  
    They carried Rooney around the Fair!

**W**HIN this was indid and I descinded  
    Soon all the mimbers got round me thin,  
And such a twistin, they gave my wrist thin,  
    I cried out: "Murther, be aisy min!  
    "I'm young no longer, nor growin stronger,  
    "Nor tough wid practice like Ginerall Grant,  
    "There's none but tanners could stand sich  
    manners;  
    Id shake you all, but in faith I can't.

**T**HE nixt ovation—a deputation  
    Wid Horiss Greeley stood at its head;  
And on his arm there I saw my charmer,  
    Who blushed so sweetly as Horiss said:  
    "Friend Rooney this is, your honored Missis  
    "Who comes to aid us wid gintle voice;  
    "You can't gainsay her, for to obey her  
    "Is what for duty you'd do for choice.



Magrath

J.P. DAVIS—SPEER.



HE BEGINS HIS ORATION.

“**S**HE asks through me sir, that you’ll agree sir,  
“To the great desire of the people all,  
“Who wish to hear your good words of cheer  
sir  
“And words of wisdom, widin this hall.”  
“Mr. President, sir, this compliment sir,  
“I long shall cherish,” I then replied,  
“And your proud request sir, to me addressed  
“Is not by Rooney to be denied.” [sir,

**T**HIN the Managers led me up the stairs  
To the gallery front, through the crushing  
crowd,  
While music pealin wint upward stealin.  
My wife looked happy, an Horiss proud.  
The crowd below us, as if to show us  
Still further honor, in cheers outbroke,  
But, bowin quiet that pleasant riot,  
I thus extemporaynious spoke:

“**G**OOD evenin neighbors. God bliss your labors;  
“An bliss aich toiler in arm an brain.  
“There’s joy an glory in deeds afore you,  
“An luck shall fall on your work like rain  
“Pace shall reward you for joys debarred you  
“Whin War marched over your ways ov trade  
“An peaceful actions unite the factions  
“Uncivil strife in our land has made.

HE CONTINUES HIS ORATION.

**W**HIN trumpets soundid an drums were poundid

“ An hungry war at our thresholds stood ;  
“ From fields in bloom, from lathe and loom,  
“ You rushed like hayroes to spill your blood!  
“ Left younger brothers, an sires, an mothers,  
“ Left weepin sisters to guard the home ;  
“ Left land untilled too, an barn unfilled too,  
“ When country called on her boys to come.

**W**HIN deep dyed Traison—(mad foe to Raison)  
“ Dug crimson graves for your noblest ones,  
“ An death uprisen in field an prison  
“ Mowed down in frenzy your sires an sons,  
“ From the North an' West did your bravest, best  
“ Keep marchin on to the harvest dread ;  
“ Where aich battle done whether lost or won  
“ Found hayroes livin for hayroes dead ;

**Y**OU fought the fight for the blissed right, nor  
“ Saw ind but one to the work begun,  
“ Wid hopes or fears thro those bitter years too,  
“ An the rain ov bloodshed that hid the sun!  
“ You fought that fight thro' for blessed right too;  
“ Rebellion shrunk from your right hand,  
“ Till the Freedman's prayer fill'd the Southirn  
air  
“ And God's good Pace fell on all the land.

HE ENDS HIS ORATION.

“**B**EHOLD at last, through the gloomy Past, now  
“The Present rises wid promise bright  
“And future story shall tell the glory  
“Ov days that followed our troubled night ;  
“When no longer torn by each others scorn,  
“Or by angry words or by deeds ov blood,  
“Both South and North wint to battle forth  
“In peaceful fight for the Country’s good.

“**A**ND now one cheer from all good min here,  
“For our brother down in the southern land  
“Whose upright heart can play well his part in  
“The honest clasp of a Northern hand !  
“Let the past be past, an the Pace at last  
“That still we pray for will surely fall,  
“From that bright Rest where our patriots  
blest are  
“Whose love was great, for they died for all!”

**W**NE loud hooray now, like storm at say now,  
Burst from the people in swift reply,  
And thin another, and thin its brother,  
Like roarin tempest rose to the sky ;  
And one still louder broke from the crowd for  
Good Horiss Greeley a smilin there—  
For ivery man too that worked the plan thro’  
Giv helpin hand to the Nation’s Fair.

## THE "RHEUMATIC" RAILWAY.

**W**HIN this was ovir, like startled dove or  
Some tremblin fawn came my pride of life,  
An squeezed my hand so and said so grand  
"Oh :

"'Tis proud I'm darlin to be your wife!"  
Thin many others, associate brothers,  
Comminted nately upon my spaich,  
Till the President brought a modest gint  
Whom he interduced me as Mr. Beach,

**T**HE great invintor, that he had sint for,  
To lade us now to the strangest sight  
An greatest wonder since from the thunder  
Bin Franklin brought down electric light !  
Up near the attic, the great Pneumatic,  
For so he called it, railway did run,  
Where wid no bother, one side to tother  
He shot you through in a big air gun !

**R**HEUMATIC Railway ! faith I'll go bail ye  
I wont go near it," spoke up my wife,  
"I'm not so curious, for larnin furious,  
"That I'd go riskin my praycious life,  
"Nor will you Mickel—a purty pickle  
"We'd both turn out on the other side,  
"Wid hair blown off or at laste a cough for  
"To last us both dear to Whitsuntide.

MRS. ROONEY'S REFLECT'S ON  
SHAKESPEARE.

**B**UT Mr. Beach in a modest spaich thin  
Wid greatest aise that was iver seen,  
Wid illustration an 'ginneralization  
Explained the nature of his machine;  
How to all danger it was a stranger,  
Not evin a sneeze for a child to dread!  
Nayther windy, dusty, nor smellin fusty,  
But safe an snug as a feather bed!

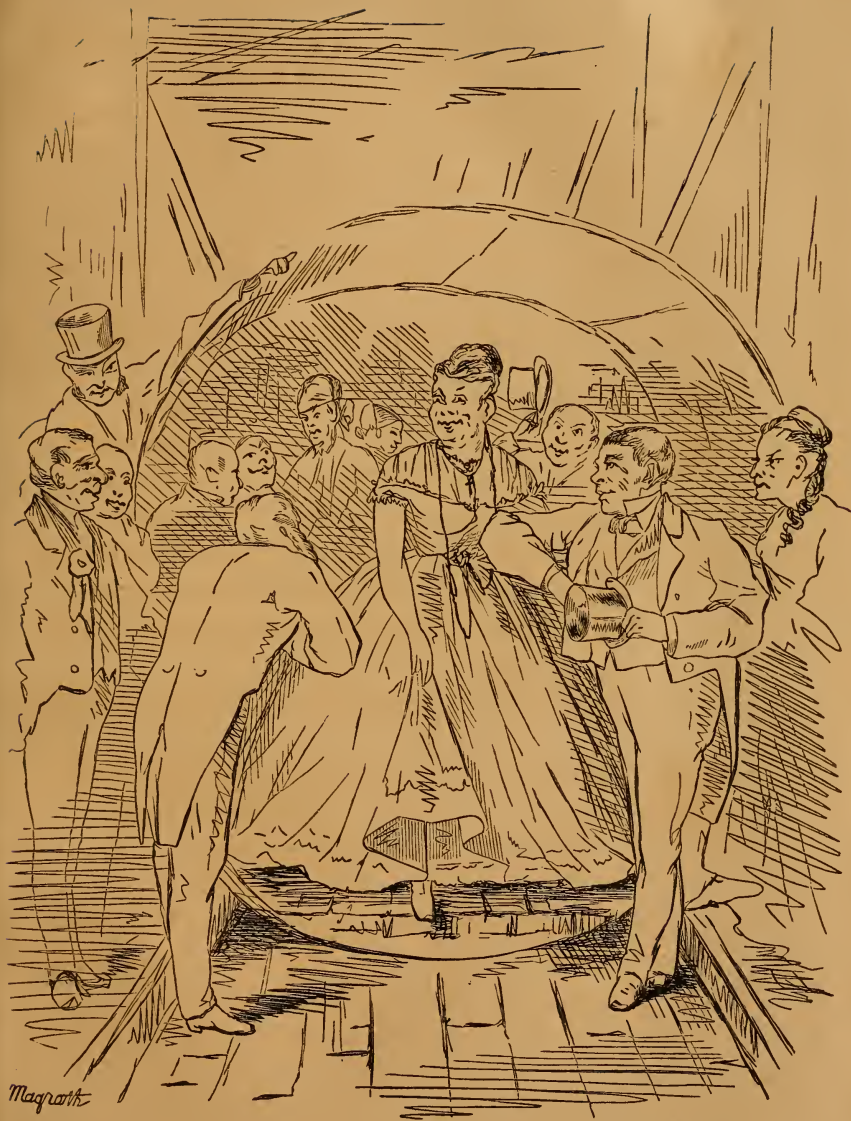
**W**HIN thus prevailed on, my wife she sailed on  
Wid motion graceful as swimmin swan,  
Sayin: "On your science I have much reliance  
"But the name I think's an unlucky one.  
"Shakespeer the poet has said, I know it,  
"In scoffin manner "What's in a name."  
"But here we quarrel, for such a moral  
"From any poet's a burnin shame."

**M**Y wife looked charmin, as at her larnin  
The managers all bowed down so far  
An cried aloud there: "Keep back the  
crowd there!  
"Let Mrs. Rooney step in the car!"  
She moved wid grace in, we took our place in  
Thin for a minit all things wor black,  
But before we knew we wor half way thro'  
By the Mortial Jove we wor there an back!

**H**ER bright eyes swimmin, the best of wimmin  
To blushin Beach kissed her lily hand,  
An thanked him nately, an praised him grately  
As one whose labors wud bliss the land.  
Thin, as good nayture lit ivery fayture,  
She turned to me wid a pensive air  
Sayin: "Now we'll go dear right thro' the  
show here,  
"An see the sights of this mighty fair."

**T**HE crowd thin partid an off we startid  
Amazed, bewildered, from room to room,  
As bees 'mong flowers beguile the hours,  
Inslaved anew by aich fresh parfume.  
Here wheels wor' spinnin, an hammers dinnin  
Bate out could steel like a bit ov paste,  
And mighty pumps too, that water jumps  
through  
In strames as thick as your Rooney's waist!

**M**ACHINES for mowin, machines for sowin  
Broad acres twinty in one day's sun ;  
An one so great is at diggin taties  
Your trouble's ovir 'ere well begun !  
Self wheelin barrows, an plows an harrows—  
Most strange invintions, an aich so good !  
An all suggestin an age of rest whin  
The price of bread wont' be flesh an blood.



Magraith

L.P. DAVIS - SPEER



MORE OF THE DESCRIPTIVE.

**G**REAT labor saivin machines for waivin,  
Wid wheels an beltin up to the roof,  
That hours uncaisin aich other chaisin  
Drive fifty shuttles thro' warp an woof.  
An ladies readin, whilst there full speed in  
The magic needle uncaisin sews,  
An others sittin in comfort knittin  
Wid nothin movin above their toes.

**G**REAT crystal cases in showy places,  
An silks an satins widin thim laid,  
An babies dresses, at prices bless us!  
To frightin fathers an stop the trade.  
Perambulators for footless craytures,  
An springy sates for the invaleed,  
An couches aisy for lame an lazy  
An rosewood cages for birds to breed.

**A**N cookin ranges wid fifty changes  
Ov pots an kittles arranged in rows,  
An plates an dishes for mate an fishes  
That look like pictures benaith the nose.  
An silver jugs too, an goolden mugs too  
An cut decanthers for rosy wine,  
An chrystal glasses that in Parnassus  
The Gods might drain to the Muses Nine!

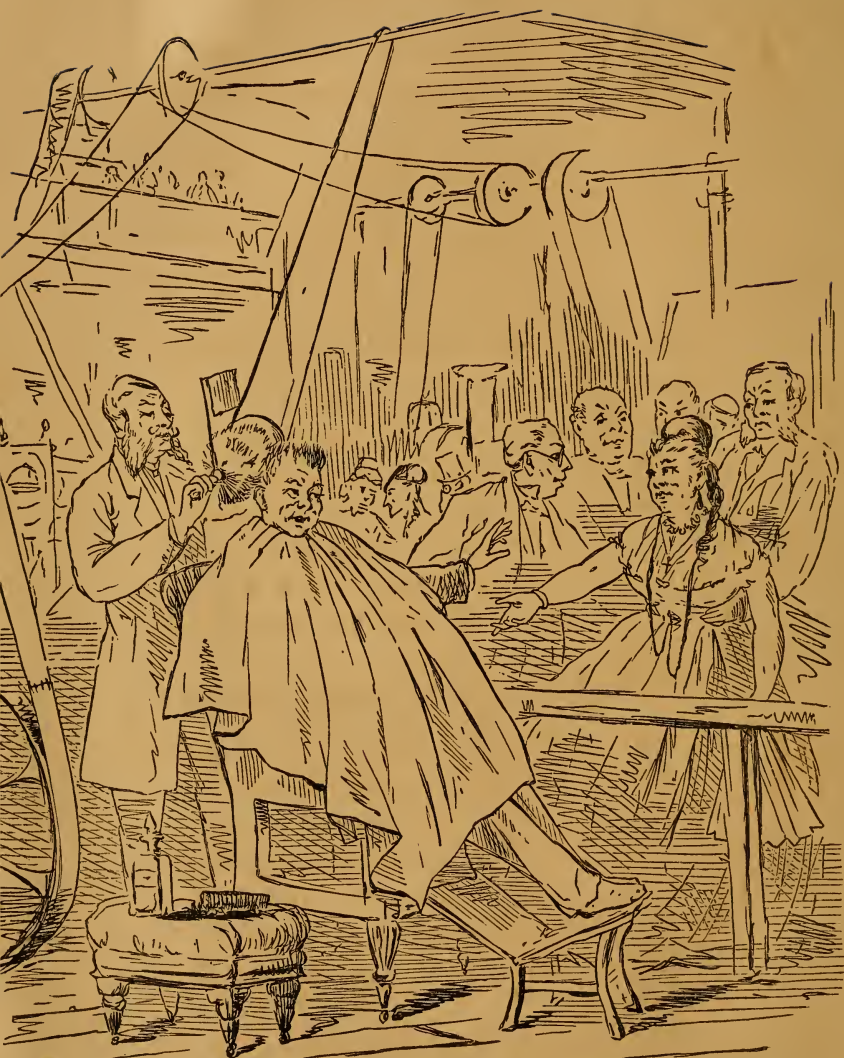
## A PLEASANT INTRODUCTION.

**T**WOR pleasant duty all things ov beauty  
An' usefulness to put in my rhyme,  
But a book as big as my father's wig was  
Wud refuse the story had I the time ;  
For groanin under its weight ov wonder  
Aich table asks for a page or more  
Ov nate indightin, descriptiv writin,  
Wid fifty sich like on every floore.

**A**S we stood lookin, a quiet nook in,  
At babies cradles that rocked wid springs,  
An my darlin blushin, wid love out gushin,  
Did lowly mutter some tinder things,  
Wid slitherin motion, of which no notion  
Can be convayed ye in prose or rhyme,  
A gint came to us, began to coo us,  
An ginuflexions made all the time.

**H**IS chin was shavin, his whiskers waivin,  
His auburn hair, down in ringlets fell,  
His face was smilin, his air beguillin,  
Wid all the grace ov a Broadway swell.  
"If I am right sir, 'tis my delight sir,"  
Said he, "to spake to our comin Mayor"  
"Thin may I pray sir, you'll step this way  
sir,  
"That I may brush up your Honor's hair?"





Magrath

DAVIS-SPEER

## THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

“**T** WILL bring us trade sir, to have it said sir,  
“ We brushed a head here wid our machine

“ So full ov knowledge that to a college  
“ An ornamint sir it wud have been.”  
’Twas nately spokin, an tho’ half chokin  
Wid fun suppressed at the barber’s ways  
My wife said: “Godear! ’twill help to show dear  
“ That Rooney merits the People’s praise.”

**A** S much delighted as if I’d knighted  
This hair adorning, or left him land,  
Our way he pointed an’ nimble jointed  
Stepped out before us wid air so grand.  
At aise he sat me, at once was at me,  
But soon the brushin alarmed my wife,  
Who cried out: “Mister, his head you’ll  
blister!  
“ Oh, Mickel darlin, he’ll take your life!

“**H**AVE courage Bridgit,” said I, “don’t fidget  
“ I’ve grater dangers escaped before.”  
“ ’Tis so I’m thinkin,” said Horiss winkin  
“ Have faith in Rooney comin safe ashore.”  
The barber indid, my hair was splindid!  
My wife in raptures admired me so;  
An’ Heaven bless her! thank’d the hair  
dresser,  
An the crowd all cheered as we moved to go.

## THEY PROPOSE TO LEAVE.

**T**HIN thro' the hall where upon each wall there  
Hung all the samples ov native art,  
We strolled an' wondered, an' stopped an'  
pondered  
On subjects dear to the Irish heart ;  
For Ireland's story spakes loud in glory  
Ov noble artists among her sons ,  
Who vainly died for the fame they sigh'd for  
Benaith the shadow ov British guns.

**H**ERE aich new treasure renewed our pleasure,  
Aich step we tuk brought a fresh surprise,  
Aich passin minnit had somethin in it  
In turn to capture admirin eyes.  
But all the janius we have betwane us  
Must fail to picture that wondrous whole,—  
Like some bright vision ov land Elysian  
That rarely visits the drainer's soul !

**" G**OME now achorra, we'll back to morrow"  
I heard my wife in a whisper say ;  
" The crushins grate dear, the hour is late  
dear,  
" I'm longin, love, for a cup ov tay."  
Thin gintly turnin, wid blushes burnin,  
To all our frinds did she curtchy low ;  
Sayin " thanks to night sirs for much de-  
lights sirs,  
" Wid your permission we mane to go."

## THEY ARE INVITED TO DRINK.

“ **W**H Missis Rooney, pray why so soon, nay  
“ You will not part us wid word so short,  
“ At laste one favor, before you lave here—  
“ To drink your health in a glass ov Port,  
“ ’Tis native wine ma’am, perhaps you’ll join  
ma’am ;  
Said Mr. Greeley wid blandest face.  
“ Pray coax your missis, you know that this is  
“ The Irish Custom, so yield wid grace.

“ **T**WILL fill the measure of all my pleasure”  
My wife replied, wid a smile so sly,  
At the Presidint, “ Sir the compliment  
“ Is a timely one, for in faith I’m dry.”  
A laugh thin rung out, and Horiss sung out,  
“ By all the Gods, that’s a happy hit!  
We’re blest ov Heavin, for here’s a leavin  
Ov Rooney janius an Rooney wit !”

**A**MINIT brought us to where we thought us  
As free as cud be from sight or throng,  
An the managers hurried up wid chairs  
As our colored frinds brought the wine  
along.  
“ Come fill your glasses, be this Parnassus !  
“ An this fair Vaynus to bliss the vine  
“ An’ this Adonis now smilin on us,  
“ Let’s pledge thim both in this ruby wine !

## HOW THEY PARTED.

**T**HIN loud in chorus they shouted o'er us,  
Wid brimmin glasses uplifted high,  
"Here's health an glory an fame in story,  
"To Rooney's name, may it niver die!"  
"May Joy reside in an Pace abide in  
"The home that covers his flesh an blood,  
"An Health an Riches stuff out his breeches,  
"An all he drinks may it do him good!"

**W**ID tears her eyes full, her bosom sighs full,  
My darlin thank'd thim wid rosy cheek,  
An I did bliss thim, but to address thim  
I tried in vain for I couldn't speak;  
For like the ocean that in commotion  
Shuts out the cry from the sinkin ship,  
A burst ov feelin the senses reelin  
Will drown the word on the movin lip.

**A**N so we parted wid these good hearted  
An jovial hosts in their Palace there,  
While the organs played, an the crowd  
hoorayed  
As we marched in ordher out ov the Fair,  
"Hooray for Rooney! Our Mayor full soon he  
Will be in spite ov Fernandy Wood,  
For us the man is, whose ivery plan is  
Some noble work for the Nation's good!





DE GARMO'S  
**DANCING ACADEMIES,**

No. 82 Fifth Avenue,      New York.

No. 303 Chapel Street,      New Haven.

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*Classes Open from October 1st to May 1st.*

# A PUFF OF STEAM.

Can it be true, or but a dream,  
That soap is now produced by steam?  
It is in truth no idle joke;  
By steam Hull makes his splendid soap:  
And candles too, by none surpassed,  
Much longer they, than sperm, will last.  
Rare qualities in these combine,  
And hard will keep in any clime.  
Old fashioned soap, for household use,  
Hull's Works, by wholesale, now produce.  
New fangled soap looks pretty well—  
Like Pindar's Razors, made to sell—  
But this old soap, too long neglected,  
By steam and skill is now perfected.  
And those who want the very best,  
Should buy of this and shun the rest.  
By steam, as if on magic spell,  
In Toilet Soaps we all excel.  
These goods, so fine, when made with steam,  
And well perfumed, like roses seem.  
Our Honey, Palm, and Perfumed Rose,  
In part our vast assortment shows;  
Demulcent, fine, white, red and blue,  
Bay Rum, and Opodeldoc, too,  
And what must seem, of all, the spice,  
The whole is sold at lowest price—  
In every store—at every stand—  
By all the Dealers in the land,

And by yours, truly,

J. C. HULL'S SON, Manufacturer,

*No. 32 Park Row, N. Y.*















